

WOMAN AND HOME.

LITTLE LOST BIRD.

Story of a Sioux Pansie Found on Wounded Knee Battlefield.

The adopted daughter of Mrs. Clara Dewick Colby, the eminent suffragist, who recently addressed the New Citizens' club of Pittsburgh, is a full-blooded Sioux Indian. The story of the little maiden formed the theme of a supplementary chat by Mrs. Colby, as interesting to those who heard the tale as the eloquent address of the speaker had been on the selected topic, "Equality Before the Law." The babe was rescued from its dead mother's arms four days after the noted battle at Wounded Knee creek, in South Dakota, six years ago. Col. Colby was in the charge made by the United States troops against the Indians at that time.

The uprising had its inception from the ghost dance. Orders had been issued for the disbanding of Big Foot's band. The order aroused hostility among the Sioux, and without hesitation the "medicine" man threw a handful of earth into the air. This was a signal for the Indians to fire. The United States troops, Custer's old regiment, under command of Col. Forsythe, charged back, and after the battle was over "nothing that wore a blanket was alive." The slaughter of the Indians was terrific. The next day a terrible blizzard set in, and for four days the dead were left alone in the ravine where the battle had waged.

On the fourth day the babe was discovered. A bullet had killed the squaw, but as she fell she had gathered her blanket closely about the child. This, with the heavy covering of snow, had kept the baby warm. It was almost perished from hunger, but soon rallied when placed in the care of some Indian women.

As the women crooned over it and slowly nursed it back to life, they constantly wailed: "Zintka Laununi," meaning "poor lost bird." Col. Colby and wife, who have no family, were touched by the incident, and as the parents of the babe, both full-blooded Sioux, had both perished in the battle, negotiations were made for the purchase of the little one. This was accomplished, and for six years little Zintka has been cared for with devotion by her foster parents.

The blanket and little bonnet worn by the baby are treasured possessions of Mrs. Colby. The little bonnet had been wrought with great skill by the squaw mother. It is of soft leather, exquisite-



LITTLE LOST BIRD.

ly worked with colored beads in geometrical patterns, and with a special design on either side of a United States flag. Mrs. Colby states that she never looks at the two little flags, wrought by the poor Indian mother, without a feeling of intense sadness that a United States bullet should have ended one loyal life. The little flags, if nothing else, Mrs. Colby says, would make little Zintka dear to her foster parents.

The training of the little one, Mrs. Colby says, will be watched with interest. Full-blooded, beyond a doubt, and of a tribe that has proved itself almost unconquerable, the development of the child with civilized surroundings will in the future have weight.

Zintka attends kindergarten now, and the differences between her and other little ones have not yet been marked enough for comment. In disposition at home and in the kindergarten she is extremely affectionate, willful, but amenable to reason. She is a model Sunday-school baby, and asks questions on her spiritual being after the similitude of other bright children. She is fond of music, and in her baby fashion makes harmony on the piano. One peculiarity, however, is her ability to read the thoughts of those about her. She has on several occasions interpreted looks from strangers and impetuously answered their unspoken inquiry in her own baby fashion. She is as obedient, Mrs. Colby says, as any little lassie in a favored home. Her skin is brunette, and her hair, long and silky, readily yields to the civilizing curl papers.

Mrs. Colby is one of the prominent officials of the National Woman's Suffrage association and editor of the Woman's Tribune, the organ of the body. Her home is in Beatrice, Neb., though her duties call her frequently to Washington, D. C.

Occasionally Recalled.

"Your husband died a year ago? You must miss him greatly."

"Not so much. His mother throws a cup at my head occasionally now."—N. Y. Journal.

SCREEN FOR SICK ROOM.

It Contains Receptacles for the Trifles Needed by All Invalids.

For the especial delectation of those who must stay in bed much of the time, there is a screen made which not only shuts off dangerous draughts and curious eyes, but has receptacles for many of the trifles necessary for the invalid both day and night.

It has three panels, the central one purely decorative and the two outside fitted with shelves, pockets and brackets. There is a candle on an extension-arm, a place for the morning paper and one for the many letters that come to the "shut in."

A bracket placed conveniently low holds a watch to tick away the hours, and there is a place for any medicine



AN INVALID'S SCREEN.

necessary, while a high shelf is made attractive with books, photographs and flowers.

An invalid well enough for the couch or easy-chair will find this screen as desirable an accessory as does one who is confined to the bed.

One who is either an occasional or a permanent invalid has two great trials not usually counted in the list of her sufferings: one is the inconvenience of asking for every tiny little want—a handkerchief, a pencil, a postage stamp or any one of a hundred things desired by any active mind for an inactive body.

She will often go without rather than ask, or, having asked so often, grows irritable at the conditions which require her to be always demanding favors. That the serving hands are willing ones does not seem to lessen this feeling.

The second trial is that, to one lying down in perpetual inertia, every trifle in the house seems to gravitate toward the bed and to be deposited there—the flotsam of the flowing tide. All these inanimate things have been brought by one or another of a loving family with the intention of giving pleasure to the invalid.

There are books, letters, newspaper-cuttings and other trifles that need to be removed, but they all stay in an ever-increasing heap to the annoyance and despair of the invalid, who must either tolerate the confusing embarrassment of riches or call upon some one to remove the tiresome accumulation.

When even the "grasshopper is a burden," these things depress the spirits. Perhaps the bed-screen will show the way out of some of these annoyances.—Illustrated American.

Employment of Wet Nurses.

It is said that if a mother is compelled to allow another to nurse her child, if the nurse does not remain beyond the first year and the mother is closely associated with and devoted to the child, its love is not appreciably affected. But if the nurse is allowed to practically take the mother's place, it will reflect her manners, ideas and individuality, and may even become indifferent to the mother. Mental and physical ailments may be acquired from a nurse, hence she should be selected with great care. She should be healthy and near the same age and complexion as the mother and be fed liberally with food best suited to her needs and the development of the child. "The strength of a nation is in the care of its children."

Sauce for Roast Game.

Put half pint milk on the fire to boil, put in it a small onion, in which you have stuck one clove. While it is boiling rub some stale white bread on a wire sieve or grater. You will want two tablespoonfuls of crumbs. When the milk boils, put in the crumbs and half an ounce of butter. Let these ingredients simmer gently for about ten minutes. Take out the onion and clove and add half a teaspoonful of salt and a few grains of pepper. Mix well and serve hot.

Curious Marriage Custom.

A very peculiar custom is prevalent in Lithuania. On the occasion of the celebration of a marriage the mother of the bride, in the presence of numerous witnesses, administers to her daughter a vigorous box on the ears. In case of dispute between the husband and wife at any later period this blow may be cited as a plea for divorce, she contending that she was constrained to enter the bonds of matrimony by physical force.

Use for Christmas Cards.

With regard to the question of what to do with old Christmas cards, a correspondent says that they are much appreciated by missionaries for distribution in India and China. The fact that that have handwriting on them makes the cards all the more precious in the eyes of Indian children.

DUTCH NECK'S GOAT SAM.

A Billy Full of Gulls and More Substantial Things.

Timothy Hillhouse has the most remarkable goat that ever grew chin whiskers, says a Dutch Neck, New Jersey correspondent of the New York Sun. The goat's name is Sam, and his stomach has had in it about everything that in the ordinary run of life is left lying about loose. Sam's courage is about as great as his appetite, and he goes into any kind of a row unhesitatingly if he sees anything to eat at the other end of it.

Sam is 12 years old. He first came into notoriety eight years ago, when he cornered a burglar, and kept him cornered until Hillhouse and a hired man took the man in. This happened one summer night. Hillhouse had lived on the farm that he owns a good many years, and never had been troubled with midnight prowlers. When he retired on this particular night he left the window of a second-story room open. Near the window grew a tree, and up the tree a thief climbed in the night, made his way through the window, ransacked the house, and got safely back to the ground. But the end was not yet. Sam, who was snooping around the yard seeking something that would stop the gnawing in his stomach, espied the burglar as he was coming down and started for him.

The first knowledge that the man had of Sam's presence was when the goat's head hit him with the force of a battering ram from the rear. The fellow was knocked to his knees, but he was quickly on his feet and sprinting for the gate. Sam went after him and got between him and the gate. Seeing that escape in that direction was impossible, the man turned and ran toward the barn. Adjoining the barn was a wagon house, and into the angle formed by these buildings the goat drove the burglar and butted him up against the side of the barn with a force that made the man howl like an Indian. Now and then the man tried to sneak around the goat and get away, but Sam was on the alert and stopped him. The goat pounded away until the burglar ached in every joint, and, concluding that he might better go to jail than face the animal any longer, began to howl at the top of his voice. The noise woke Hillhouse, and, with his hired man, he went out to see what was up. He found the thief and handed him over to the constable.

From that time Sam's career has been eventful and brilliant. One of his most remarkable exploits was the saving of Mr. Hillhouse's little daughter from drowning. Three years ago Carrie Hillhouse, then four years old, started out one afternoon to join her father and his men, who were working in a field about a quarter of a mile from the house. On the way she was obliged to cross a bridge over Suptin's creek, a sluggish stream that runs between high, steep banks. Sam went with the girl. She stopped on the bridge to look down into the water, lost her balance, and fell in. Hillhouse, who was on a load of hay, headed for the barn, saw his daughter fall, and, sliding to the ground he ran as fast as he could toward the bridge. The goat, without hesitating an instant, leaped into the water and hooked his horns into Carrie's clothes held her head above the surface.

Sam struggled heroically with his burden, and managed to get to the bank just as Hillhouse reached the spot. The goat and the child were lifted out, and more delicacies found their way into Sam's stomach that week than he ever had seen before. Everybody in the neighborhood showed the goat some mark of esteem, and when Sunday came the preacher in the local church paid him a high tribute in his sermon, and in his prayer invoked a blessing on the head of the faithful animal who, he declared, was "more courageous and more intelligent than many men." Sam is probably the only goat that ever received special prayer in a pulpit.

Sam's appetite frequently has got him into trouble and at the same time has increased his value in the eyes of his owner, who knows that someday, when the goat's thread of life is broken, he will yield up some of the valuables that he has swallowed. Years ago Mrs. Hillhouse discovered that on wash day the safety of the clothes she hung out to dry depended upon their hanging high when Sam was in the neighborhood. She didn't learn this until the goat had almost completely devoured a wash left within his reach. On that occasion he consumed two sheets, a calico dress and a flannel shirt, a table cloth, half a dozen napkins, a pair of boys' trousers, and three cotton stockings. He undoubtedly would have cleaned the line and devoured the rope had he not been discovered by Mrs. Hillhouse before he had reached next to the last garment, for he made a brave fight against the broomstick that was brought into requisition and tried to get at a bosom shirt and sun bonnet that were still on the line. Thereafter the clothes were hung so high that Mrs. Hillhouse was obliged to use a stepladder to reach them, and Sam satisfied himself with walking around, now and then up on his hind legs and sniffing wistfully.

The wide scope of the goat's appetite was not understood even then, but it was revealed to Mrs. Hillhouse one day when she hung a hall mat over the porch rail to let the wind blow the dust

out of it. The mat never was seen again, but Sam was found lying on the porch, near the spot where it had been hung, with a look of supreme contentment on his face and a few woolen ravelings of various colors dangling from his jaws. A few days afterward, when she wanted to hang some tidies out on the porch rail to air, Mrs. Hillhouse first tied Sam to a tree, but, unfortunately, she tied him with a rope. It happened that the tidies were in plain view of the goat, and they made a tempting display in the eyes of the creature that so constantly hungered for novelties, whether raw or cooked. Some of them were of fine linen, richly embroidered, and others were combinations of scraps of silk and satin of various pleasing colors. Sam turned upon the rope that held him and ate it. Then he tackled the delicacies displayed on the porch rail, and soon had them stowed away in his stomach.

Mrs. Hillhouse demanded that he be killed at once, but her husband was warmly attached to the animal and refused to end its life. So Sam lived, and lived to eat. The goat's intrinsic value increased. One day when Hillhouse's hired man left his vest hanging on a bar post Sam took a notion to go out in the lot where the men were working, and while nosing around espied the vest. When the owner went to get it at noon it was missing, and only a few bits of lining had been left to indicate its fate. The hired man did not take kindly to the loss of his vest, because in one of the pockets was a brand new \$20 open face watch, to which was attached a three-dollar chain. The matches, tobacco, and other stuff in the pockets he could spare, but he couldn't give up his watch without a protest, and he suggested to Hillhouse that there was only one way to recover the timepiece, and that was by killing Sam and laying bare the interior of his food pouch. Hillhouse stubbornly refused to have the goat killed, and satisfied the hired man by buying him a new watch and chain.

Sam showed no signs of regret over the watch exploit and kept on hunting for unusual things to devour. One day he indulged in a meal that caused him considerable physical discomfort. An insurance agent rode out from Trenton to see Hillhouse on business. He came on a bicycle, and, leaning the machine against the fence, went into the house to look over some papers. Sam never had seen a bicycle before, and he immediately began looking it over to find out if there was anything about it that he might safely add to the varied assortment already in his stomach. The tires were soft. Sam began work on them and in an extremely short time had nibbled them from the wheels. The insurance agent was hauled back to town by Mr. Hillhouse's horse, and Hillhouse paid for a new set of tires for the bicycle. The rubber tires did not set so well on Sam's stomach as they had on the wheels, and the day after he had eaten them he gave indications of internal disturbance. He was not himself at all. He refused to eat and lay stretched out in a corner of the woodshed. Hillhouse doctored him, and in two days the animal was well enough to walk out and eat a lace curtain that Mrs. Hillhouse had laid on the grass to bleach, thinking that it was safe because Sam was sick.

One day last summer Hillhouse went to Trenton to draw money with which to pay his help. He drew \$100 from the bank, \$75 in five-dollar gold pieces and silver and \$25 in bills. He put the money in a shot bag and shoved the bag into his coat pocket. When he reached home he took off his coat and laid it on a box while he unharnessed the horse. Sam's eye fell on the coat, and when Hillhouse disappeared in the barn he walked up and proceeded to devour it. By the time Mr. Hillhouse came out of the barn the goat had swallowed one-half of the coat, and it was the half that contained the pocket which had the money. Gold, silver and greenbacks were in the goat's stomach. Then it was that Sam's life came near an end. Hillhouse got his gun and was about to shoot the goat when his daughter objected.

"I must kill him, Carrie," said her father, "because he has swallowed \$100 and I can save the coin."

"It'll be just as valuable when Sam dies as it is now," replied Carrie.

Hillhouse could not get over the argument, and Sam's life was spared. Although the animal is walking around to-day with \$23 worth of jewelry and \$75 in hard coin in his stomach, he puts on no airs. He is the same simple, unpretending creature that he always has been and is just as hungry as he was in his youth. His owner figures that Sam's intrinsic value is upward of \$100, but he would not part with him for a house and lot.

An Expensive Product.

The consular reports made to the state department have disclosed one interesting fact recently. That is that the most expensive manufactured product in the world is the charcoal filament used in incandescent electric lamps. These threads, which are made by a secret process in Paris, are so valuable that a pound of those intended for lamps of 30 candle-power is worth \$12,000. Even the inventor and maker of the filaments keeps his name a secret, in order that the valuable invention may be still more securely guarded.—Youth's Companion.

—Fashion is all powerful, but she cannot vanquish the shirt waist, which will be worn as much as ever the coming summer.—Atchison Globe.

H. CLAY EVANS HONORED.

The Tennessee Republican Leader to Be Pensions Commissioner.

WASHINGTON, March 12.—H. Clay Evans, of Tennessee, has been tendered the position of commissioner of pensions, and probably will accept, as it is one of the most important in the departmental service outside of the cabinet. Mr. Evans has long been recognized as a leader among southern republicans. He represented the Chattanooga district in congress for several years and in the Harrison administration was first assistant postmaster-general. Later he ran for governor of Tennessee on the republican ticket and the result was in doubt for many weeks. He was considered for some time not unlikely to be the south's representative in Mr. McKinley's cabinet.



H. CLAY EVANS.

Frank W. Palmer, of Iowa, who once before was public printer, is the most likely of all the candidates for the place to receive the appointment.

THE TARIFF BILL.

Democratic Senators May Delay Passage by Extended Debate.

WASHINGTON, March 12.—The tariff situation is giving the republicans some concern. They feel sure that their bill can pass, but it is now believed that the debate is going to be extended in the senate. It is known that the intention of the democrats is to talk on every subject in the bill. The delay is regarded by some democrats as good party policy. After the schedules of the bill become known it is believed there will be a great increase of imports in order to take advantage of duties under the lower rates. After the new bill goes into effect there will be a suspension of imports for several months, and a consequent falling off in receipts, and the bill which was designed to increase the revenues, they say, as a matter of fact will show a decrease. This view is taken by quite a number of democrats who say that it is their policy to have the bill passed, but not until after it has been thoroughly discussed. Without an active majority in the senate, the republicans will not be able to hurry the measure along. The republican silverites have indicated that they will not prevent a tariff bill from passing, but are not opposed to the policy of delay.

LONG CRIMINAL RECORD.

A Man Who Has Operated in All the Big Cities of the World in the Tolls.

NEW YORK, March 12.—The police yesterday arrested William Carroll Woodward, alias Musgrove, alias Hawley, and a woman who gave her name as Jennie Sankey. They were wanted in Philadelphia on a charge of robbing a jeweler there of \$3,000 worth of jewelry. They were arraigned and remanded back to jail and Philadelphia notified. The police say that Woodward is a professional swindler, a gold brick schemer, a bunco man and a worker of confidence games of every known variety; a man who always goes in for big money and is so clever that he has never been convicted. They assert that he has been engaged in robbery in Ceylon, India; swindling in South Africa; assault and swindling in England, and that he is known as a criminal in all the big cities of the Eastern and Western hemispheres.

TERRIBLE OCEAN VOYAGE.

Steamer Lake Winnipeg's Uncomfortable Experience—Stock Thrown Overboard.

LIVERPOOL, March 12.—The Beaver line steamer Lake Winnipeg, 25 days out from St. John, N. B., arrived safely yesterday. Capt. Taylor reports having had a terrible voyage, during which the vessel had such a large quantity of water in her engine room that the passengers had to be called upon to assist in clearing and righting her cargo, which had shifted during the heavy weather. The fire of the Lake Winnipeg were out for over a fortnight and 307 head of cattle, 23 horses and 74 sheep had to be thrown overboard, owing to the scarcity of drinking water on board and the inability of the engineers to work the condensing apparatus.

STEEL RAILS TO JAPAN.

The First Cargo of the American Product Will Soon Leave Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, March 12.—The first cargo of steel rails from this country for Japan is now being loaded on the British steamer Fortuna, at the Philadelphia & Reading coal wharves, together with a large consignment of locomotives built in the city and intended for Japan. Three other steamers have been chartered to carry engines and rails from this port to Japan. The tonnage consigned to the Fortuna consists of 2,000 tons of rails and 2,000 tons of locomotives and equipment.